



No. 44



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

OCT.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

10¢
15¢ in Canada



BOB
KANE

UNDER WATER SWIMMING GOGGLES!

SUBMARINE FISHING
EXPLORE UNDER WATER
CLEAR VIEW

Suction Seal Protects Eyes - Sell for \$1.00 & More - Our Price 59c
SEE UNDER WATER! Enjoy under water fishing, submarine view, study the bottom, and see what you are doing. Clear, bubble underwater. Look for lost coins, treasure, valuable etc. on the bottom of the sea. OLYMPIC SWIMMING GOGGLES give absolute eye protection. All rubber construction with non-slip, unbreakable crystal lenses. Pads are not afraid of under water objects. 59c not close eyes. Adjustable to all sizes. Per Pair



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1941 Edition - 9,000 Novelties - New Items
Each Novelty Section - 9000 NOVELTIES - 4000 ILL. 6-COLOR COVER

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New Headquarters - Catalogs Sent Free - Catalogs Sent Free - Catalogs Sent Free

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BAT MAN

WITH
Robin
THE BOY WONDER

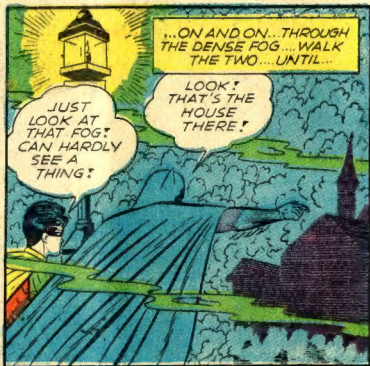
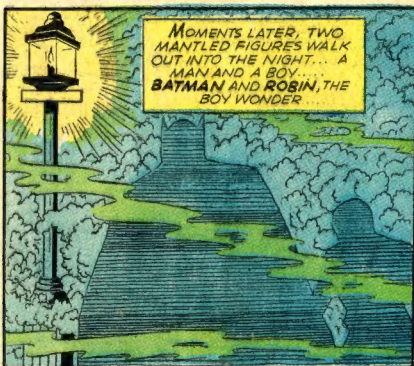
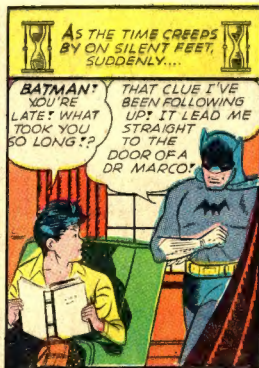
FANTASTIC ADVENTURE
IN THE ALIEN WORLD, THIS
IS WHAT AWAITS THE
BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE
BOY WONDER, AS THEY ENTER
THE STRANGEST LAND
THAT MAN COULD EVER
DREAM OF ... A LAND OF
BIG AND SMALL ... A
LAND SO BIZARRE AS TO
BE BEYOND BELIEF ...
THIS WAS "THE LAND
BEHIND THE LIGHT"

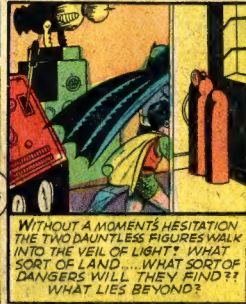
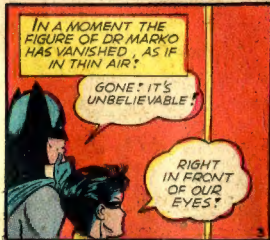
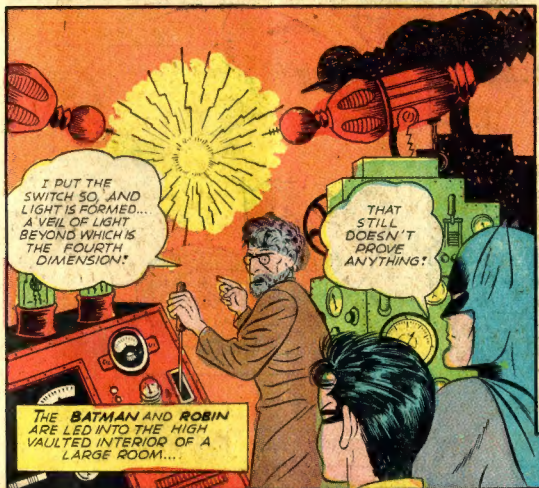
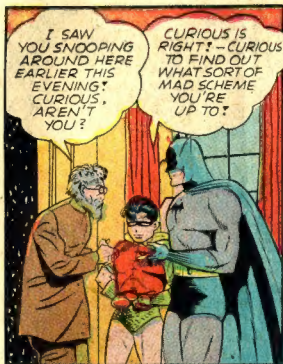


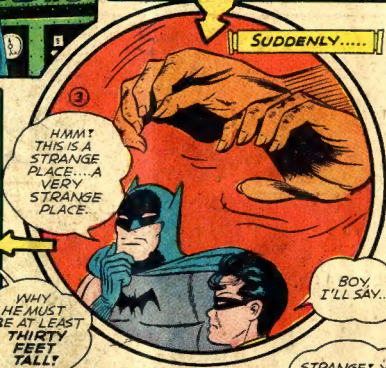
LATE ONE NIGHT
YOUNG DICK GRAYSON, WHO
IS IN REALITY **ROBIN** THE
BOY WONDER, SITS UP
READING AS HE AWAITS
THE RETURN OF THE
BATMAN

THE CLOCK SUDDENLY
TOLLS THE HOUR ...

TWELVE O'CLOCK!
... GETTING LATE!
WISH THE **BATMAN**
WOULD GET
BACK SOON!







THE BATMAN AND ROBIN ARE CARRIED INTO A CITY OF TOWERING DWELLINGS!

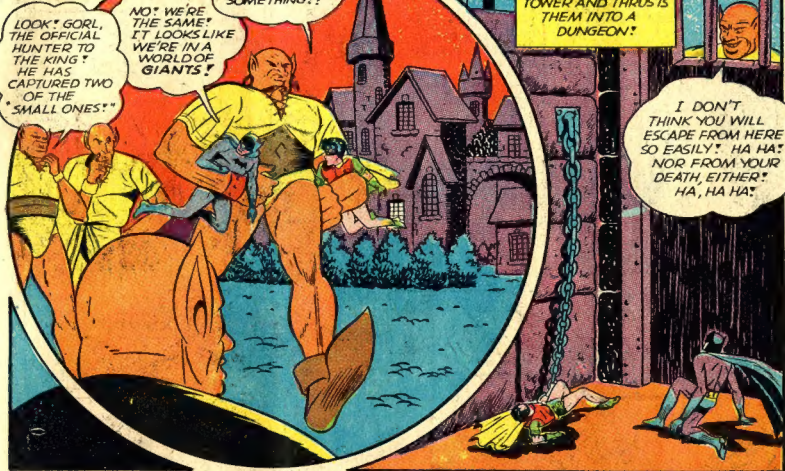
LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THE PEOPLE! DO YOU THINK WE SHRANK OR SOMETHING??

LOOK! GORL, THE OFFICIAL HUNTER TO THE KING! HE HAS CAPTURED TWO OF THE "SMALL ONES!"

NO! WE'RE THE SAME! IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE IN A WORLD OF GIANTS!

THE GIANT CARRIES THEM INTO A HIGH TOWER AND THRUSTS THEM INTO A DUNGEON!

I DON'T THINK YOU WILL ESCAPE FROM HERE SO EASILY! HA HA! NOR FROM YOUR DEATH, EITHER! HA, HA HA!



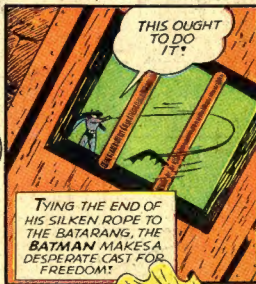
WELL, WE'RE CERTAINLY STUCK THIS TIME! I CAN'T SEE A WAY OUT!

I CAN! WE COULD SQUEEZE THROUGH THOSE BARS THERE IF WE COULD REACH THEM! THE BATARANG MIGHT BE THE SOLUTION!



THIS OUGHT TO DO IT!

TYING THE END OF HIS SILKEN ROPE TO THE BATARANG, THE BATMAN MAKES A DESPERATE CAST FOR FREEDOM!



THE CAST IS SUCCESSFUL, AND THE BATMAN AND ROBIN BEGIN THEIR CLIMB TO SAFETY...



SQUEEZING THROUGH THE SPACE BETWEEN THE BARS THEY LET DOWN THE ROPE AGAIN AND CLIMB DOWN THE OTHER SIDE...

WE'RE OUT! NOW WHAT?

WE'LL MAKE FOR THOSE STEPS AND GET AWAY FROM HERE!

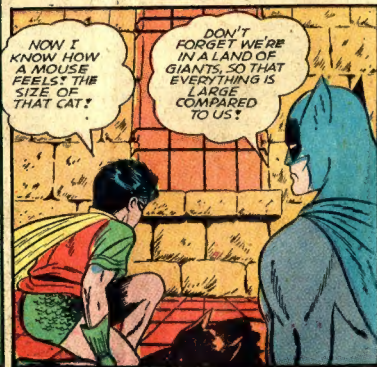
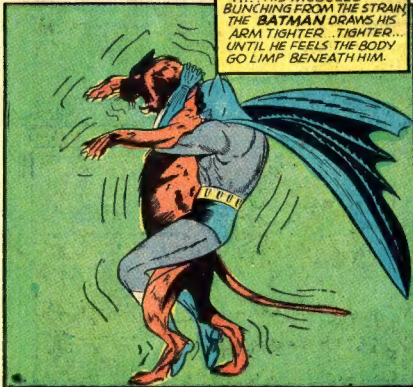
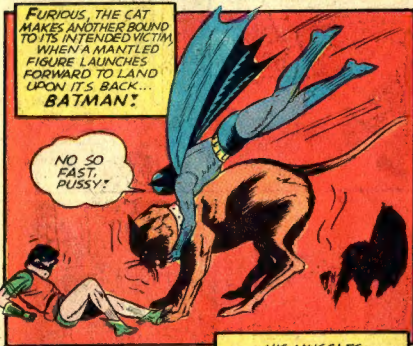
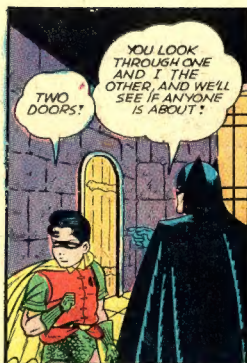


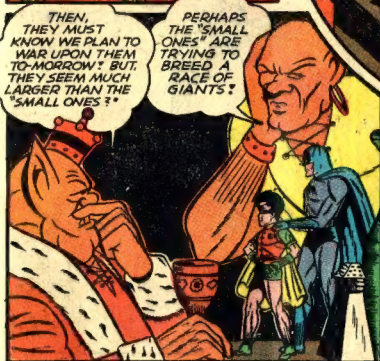
FINDING THE GIANT STEPS TOO STEEP FOR THEM, THE BATMAN AND ROBIN HOP DOWN FROM ONE TO ANOTHER!

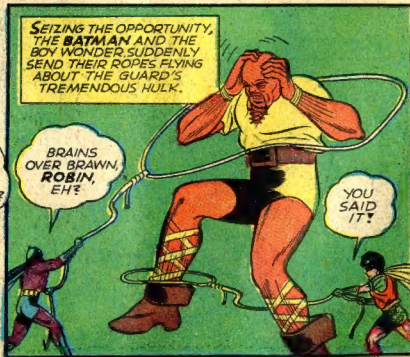
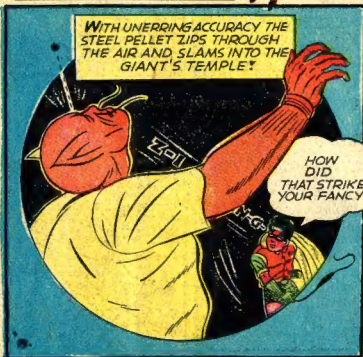
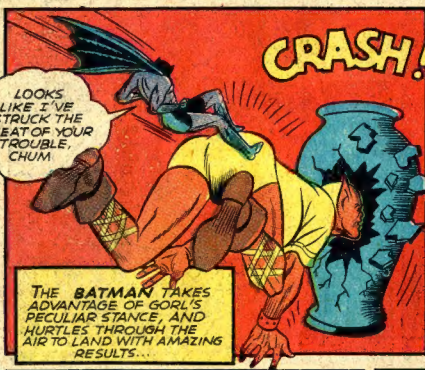
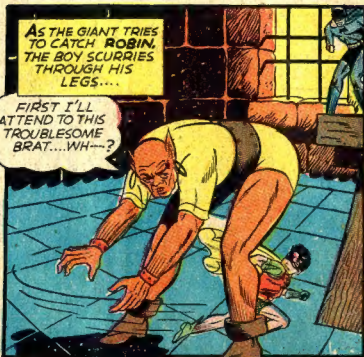
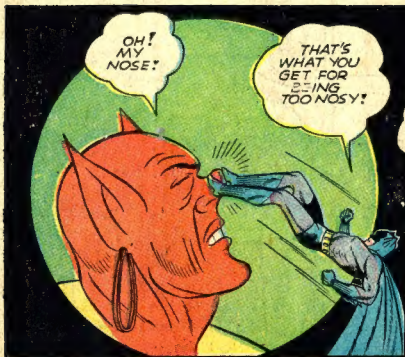
I FEEL KNEE-HIGH TO A GRASSHOPPER

I NEVER KNEW GOING DOWN STEPS COULD BE SO MUCH TROUBLE!











BEFORE THE GIANT CAN RECOVER, THEY SUDDENLY JERK ON THE ROPES... HARD!

AH... AHHH... AHHH!!



ATCHOO? GUARDS! GUA... (SPLUB)

COULDN'T GO WITHOUT GIVING YOU A PRESENT—HERE'S A NICE SOFT FRUIT!

C'MON, THE GUARDS WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE!



BETTER TAKE THIS, WE MIGHT NEED WEAPONS!

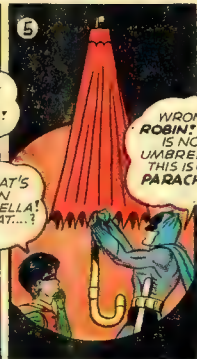


THE BATMAN AND ROBIN TAKE TO THE WINDOW FOR MEANS OF ESCAPE....

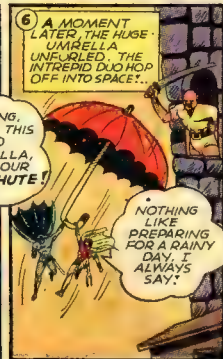
WE CAN'T GET DOWN THIS WAY!—AND I CAN HEAR THOSE GUARDS COMING!

PARDON ME, BUT I'VE JUST HAD A BRAIN STORM!

THAT'S AN UMBRELLA! WHAT...?

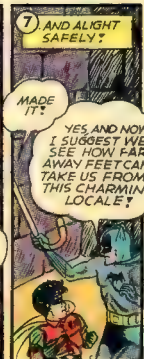


WRONG, ROBIN? THIS IS NO UMBRELLA, THIS IS OUR PARACHUTE!



A MOMENT LATER, THE HUGE UMBRELLA UNFURLED. THE INTREPID DUO HOP OFF INTO SPACE!

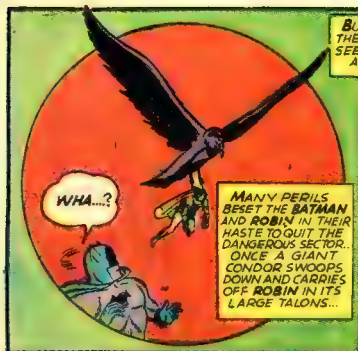
NOTHING LIKE PREPARING FOR A RAINY DAY, I ALWAYS SAY!



AND ALIGHT SAFELY!

MADE IT!

YES, AND NOW I SUGGEST WE SEE HOW FAR AWAY FEET CAN TAKE US FROM THIS CHARMING LOCALE!



WHA....?

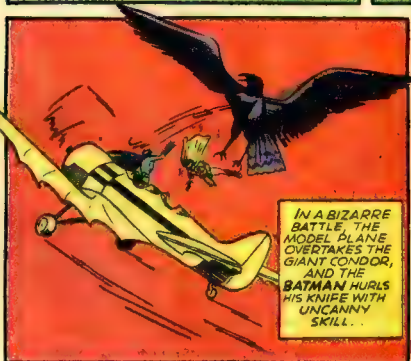
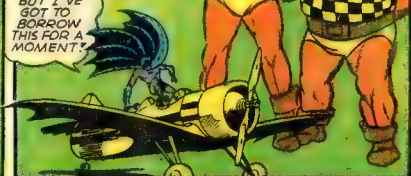
MANY PERILS
BESET THE BATMAN
AND ROBIN IN THEIR
HASTE TO QUIT THE
DANGEROUS SECTOR.
ONCE A GIANT
CONDOR SWOOPS
DOWN AND CARRIES
OFF ROBIN IN ITS
LARGE TALONS...

BUT AT THE END OF
THE FIELD, THE BATMAN
SEES TWO BOYS HUDDLED
ABOUT AN OBJECT AND...

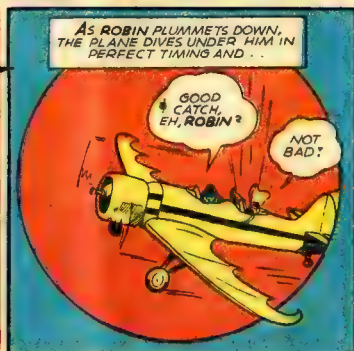
IT'S A REAL MODEL
PLANE! MADE JUST
LIKE A REAL ONE! IT
EVEN HAS CONTROLS
AND WORKS BY
GASOLINE!

SORRY,
BUT I'VE
GOT TO
BORROW
THIS FOR A
MOMENT!

GOSH
ITS...
HEY?-
WHO?



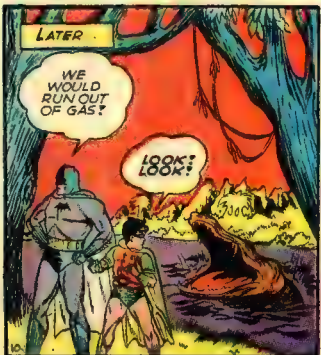
IN A BIZARRE
BATTLE, THE
MODEL PLANE
OVERTAKES THE
GIANT CONDOR,
AND THE
BATMAN HURLS
HIS KNIFE WITH
UNCANNY
SKILL...



AS ROBIN PLUMMETS DOWN,
THE PLANE DIVES UNDER HIM IN
PERFECT TIMING AND...

GOOD
CATCH,
EH, ROBIN?

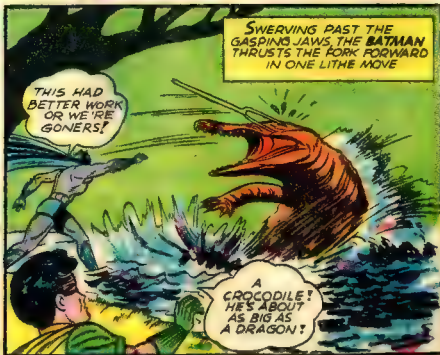
NOT
BAD!



LATER

WE
WOULD
RUN OUT
OF GAS!

LOOK!
LOOK!



THIS HAD
BETTER WORK
OR WE'RE
GONERS!

SWERVING PAST THE
GASPING JAWS, THE BATMAN
THRUSTS THE FORK FORWARD
IN ONE LITHE MOVE

A
CROCODILE!
HE'S ABOUT
AS BIG AS
A DRAGON!

BELLOWING WITH PAIN AS THE FORK PIERCES HIS EYE, THE BEAST TURNS TAIL.....

YOU'VE DONE IT!
YOU'VE BEATEN HIM!

SHADES OF ST. GEORGE !!

IMMEDIATE DANGER
AVERTED, THE TWO
DRIFT DOWN STREAM UNTIL

ROBIN, DID YOU
NOTICE HOW SMALL
EVERYTHING HAS GOTTEN?
QUEER, THAT...A CITY...
-- A TINY CITY

LOOK OVER
THERE!
DR. MARKO!

YOU!-
YOU ARE
SAFE!

DR. MARKO EXPLAINS

SO YOU ESCAPED
TO THESE PEOPLE
WHEN YOU SAW
US CARRIED
OFF BY
THE GIANT?

YES!
THESE ARE
GOOD PEOPLE!
THIS IS
THE LAND
OF THE
"SMALL ONES!"

SMALL
IS RIGHT!

QUEER, ISN'T IT?
BY SOME FREAK
OF NATURE THIS
WORLD IS DIVIDED
INTO A LAND OF GIANTS
AND MIDGETS!

THEY'RE
JUST LIKE
SMALL, HAPPY
CHILDREN!

WE WOULD
BE MUCH
HAPPIER IF IT
WEREN'T FOR THE
GIANTS! THEY
ARE VERY EVIL!
VERY EVIL!

HER.
HER..HEP

WHAT CAN WE
DO? THEY WILL
TRAMPLE US DOWN!
THEY ARE SO HUGE!
WE CAN NEVER HOPE
TO SURVIVE! WOE
IS US... OH WOE!!

I WONDER...
I WONDER...
I THINK I HAVE A
PLAN THAT MAY
WORK!... AT LEAST
I HOPE SO...
LISTEN..

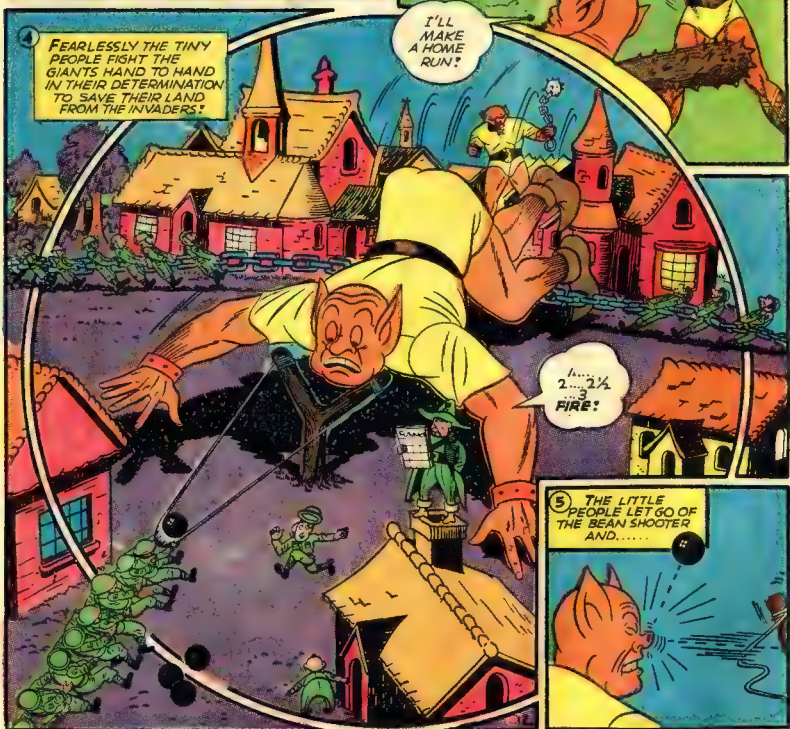
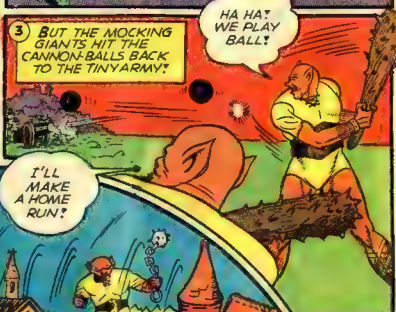
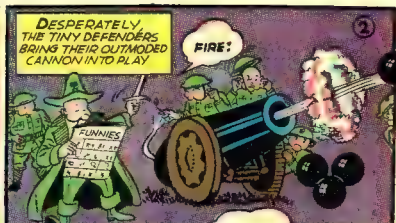
THE NEXT DAY THE
TINY DWELLINGS SHAKE
AS WITH EARTH-TREMBLING
STEPS THE GIANTS STRIDE
INTO VIEW!

D. DO...N-NOT
B-BE A FRAID!
ATTACK THE
ENEMY!"

THE
GIANTS

THE
GIANTS
ARE
COMING!

THE BATMAN
HASTILY INFORMS THE
KING OF THE INTENDED
INVASION BY THE
GIANTS.....



SUDDENLY A SQUADRON OF TINY PLANES APPEAR AND TOSS OBJECTS THAT HIT THE GROUND AND BURST OPEN! BEES, HORNETS, GNATS, MOSQUITOES EMERGE AND DESCEND IN A SWARM UPON THE VAST AREAS OF SKIN SO BRAZENLY EXPOSED BY THE GIANTS.

IT WORKED! YOUR PLAN OF PUTTING THOSE INSECTS IN BAGS THAT BURST WHEN THEY HIT THE GROUND WORKED!

AS MORE INSECTS SWARM TOWARDS THEM, THE GIANTS SUDDENLY LOSE THEIR TASTE FOR BATTLE AND FLEE IN MORTAL TERROR....

I'M STUNG! OUCH!

OUCH!

OUCH!

BUT ONE GIANT DOES NOT FLEE, FOR HE SUDDENLY SPIES AND SPRINGS AFTER ROBIN... GORL!

WITH GIANT STRIDES HE COMES NEARER... NEARER... EVER CLOSING THE GAP... NEARER, UNTIL....

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

YOU? I'LL FIX YOU NOW! I'LL CRUSH YOU TO BITS!

HAY! I'VE GOT YOU NOW!

OH OH! TROUBLE!

NO NO!

NO...N... HUH? ...WHA

IT DIDN'T HAPPEN! IT WAS A DREAM! ...A DREAM!

SAY, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHAT'RE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT?

WHAT WERE YOU READING, ANYWAY? OH, OH!

GIANTS AND DWARFS

IN MYTH AND FABLE

THAT'S POTENT STUFF, KID! LIKE AS NOT TO GIVE YOU BAD DREAMS... NIGHTMARES!

YOU'RE TELLING ME!

NEXT MONTH BACK TO REALITY... THE REALITY OF THE **BATMAN** **ROBIN** THE BOY WONDER IN THEIR CEASELESS FIGHT AGAINST **CRIME** IN A NEW BREATH-TAKING *Adventure*

GET YOUR COPY TODAY!



The **SECOND ISSUE** of
Brand New exploits of
THE BATMAN
AND ROBIN
The Boy Wonder!

64
PAGES
IN
COLOR

NOW ON SALE



NEW!

-BRINGING YOU
ANOTHER ISSUE
CHOCK-FULL
OF THRILLS
& ADVENTURE!

ON SALE
SEPT. 10"



SPY

by JERRY SIEGEL

BART REGAN, MEET MR. HOMER WINSLOW, HEAD OF THE IMMIGRATION SERVICE.

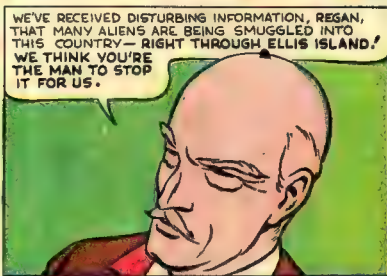
BART REGAN, ACE UNDERCOVER SLEUTH OF THE UNITED STATES COUNTER-ESPIONAGE DIVISION, IS CALLED INTO THE CHIEF'S OFFICE —



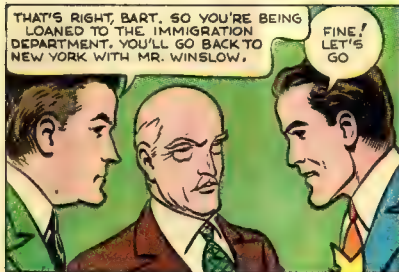
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, MR. WINSLOW. —WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?

HAPPY TO KNOW YOU, TOO, REGAN.

MR. WINSLOW WILL EXPLAIN, BART.



WE'VE RECEIVED DISTURBING INFORMATION, REGAN, THAT MANY ALIENS ARE BEING SMUGGLED INTO THIS COUNTRY— RIGHT THROUGH ELLIS ISLAND! WE THINK YOU'RE THE MAN TO STOP IT FOR US.



THAT'S RIGHT, BART. SO YOU'RE BEING LOANED TO THE IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT. YOU'LL GO BACK TO NEW YORK WITH MR. WINSLOW.

FINE! LET'S GO



AND SO NEXT MORNING, IN ACCORDANCE WITH BART'S PLAN—

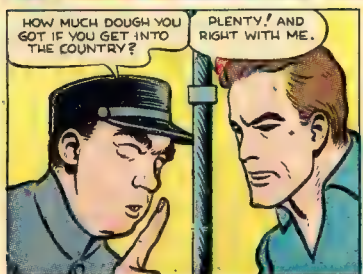
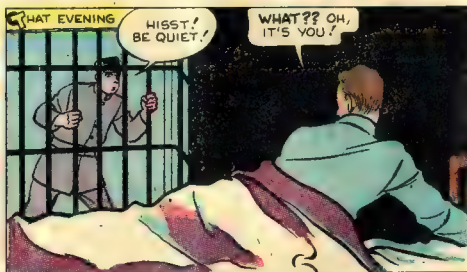
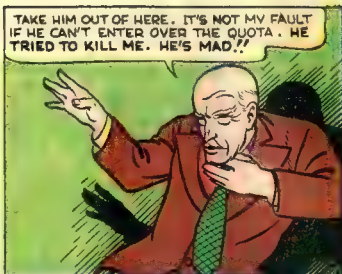
BEING HERE AS AN ENGLISHMAN WON'T REQUIRE ANY DIALECT.

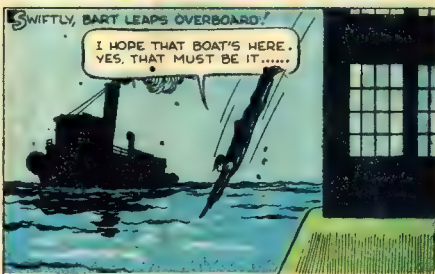
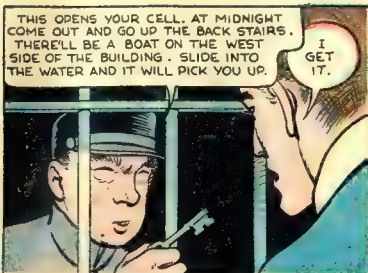
WELL, I'M READY IF YOU ARE. LET'S GO.

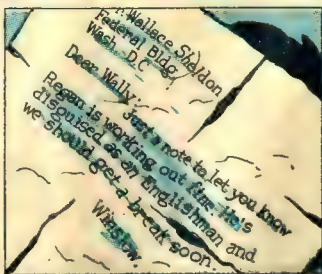
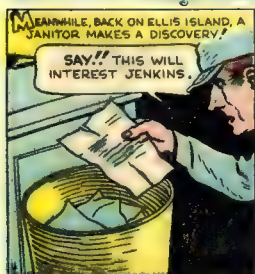
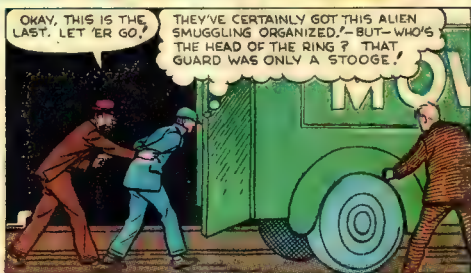
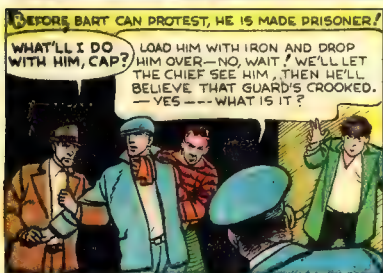
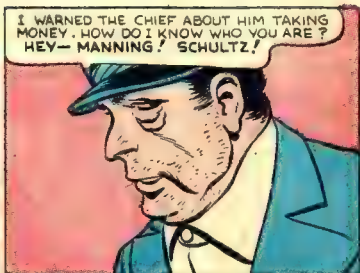


HELP! HELP!

THAT CERTAINLY SOUNDS REAL.







THEN THAT GUY I PUT THRU
WAS A 'G' MAN! I'VE GOT
TO GET RID OF HIM BEFORE
THE CHIEF FINDS OUT--!!



THE TRUCK CARRYING THE
ALIENS STOPS BEFORE A HUGE
WAREHOUSE--



ALL RIGHT
ALL OF YOU OUT
THIS IS WHERE
YOU MEET THE
CHIEF.

I
DEMAND--

SHUT UP!
HERE'S THE CHIEF.



I'VE KEPT MY WORD TO YOU SO FAR.
YOU ARE IN THIS COUNTRY. NOW, I'LL
SEE THAT YOU GET JOBS-- AND
REMEMBER, YOUR ORDERS COME
FROM ME. IS THAT CLEAR?

YES.



THE CAPTAIN SAYS
THIS ONE DON'T BELONG.
HE BRIBED JENKINS.

I AIN'T UP TO
NOTHING PHONY,
MISTER! I PAID
TO GET INTO
THIS COUNTRY--

WE
HAVE NO
EVIDENCE OF
THAT. AND
TAKE YOUR
HAT OFF
BEFORE--



THE GUARD SWEEPS BART'S CAP OFF!

HEY, CHIEF-- HE'S
GOT SOME PHONY
COLORING IN HIS
HAIR!

GRAB HIM! THAT'S
BART REGAN OF THE
COUNTER-ESPIONAGE
DIVISION!



BART IS OVERPOWERED!!

THAT TAKES CARE OFF
HIM, CHIEF. WHAT NOW?

SEE THAT HE
MEETS WITH
AN ACCIDENT!!



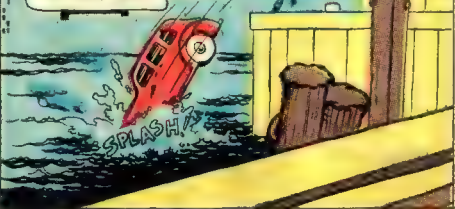
THE UNCONSCIOUS BART IS PLACED IN A CAR--

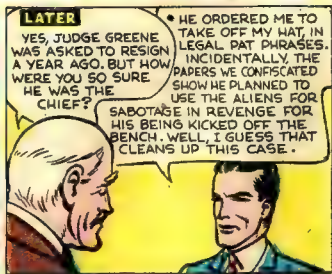
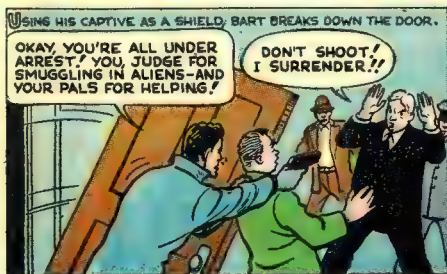
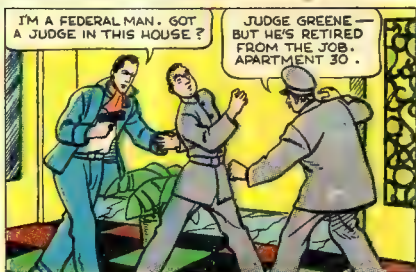
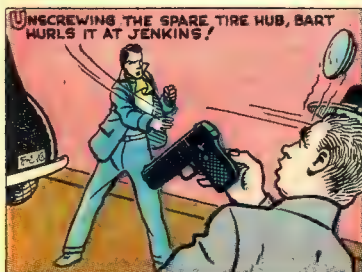
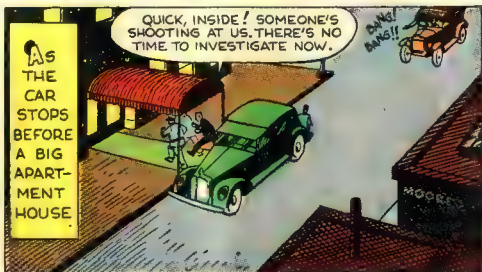
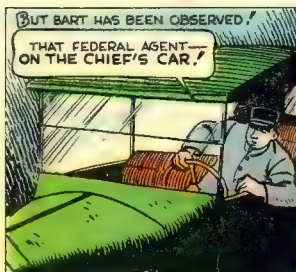
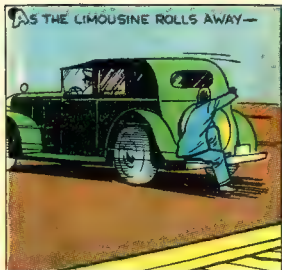
YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED!!



AS THE CAR SPEEDS TOWARD THE WATER'S EDGE!

THAT'LL TAKE CARE
OF YOU, SRY!

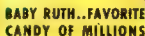






Enter the Curtiss Candy Company

No. 2



A center of velvety-smooth opera cream, bathed in delicious, golden caramel with an abundance of crisp, fresh-toasted peanuts, enrobed in a thick coating of finest blended, pure milk chocolate... a big taste thrill any time... anywhere!

NOW...A NEWER, LARGER, FINER BUTTERFLINGER!

Have you tried a delicious BUTTERFINGER lately? It's larger and more luscious than ever with chewy golden caramel added to its wholesome honeycombed peanut butter center, all enrobed in rich Curtiss Supreme coating. Try it! You'll like it!

SIMPLE RULES

- 1.** With not over 25 additional words complete one of the two sentences referred to, telling us why you like BABY RUTH or BUTTER-FINGER CANDY BARS. Use one side of paper only. Print or write your name and address plainly.

- 2.** You can make as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by one 5c BABY RUTH wrapper AND one 5c BUTTER-FINGER wrapper (or facsimiles).

- 3.** Mail entries, with proper postage, to TREASURE HUNT No. 2, Curtiss Candy Company, 622 Diversy Parkway, Chicago, Ill.


- 4. TREASURE HUNT No. 2** closes at midnight, Oct. 8, 1940. Entries bearing a later postmark will be disqualified.

- 5.** Decision of judges will be final. Originality and appropriateness of thought and neatness will be judged, but fancy entries will avail nothing extra. In case of tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. No entries returned. Entries, ideas and contents become the property of Curtiss Candy Company.

- 6.** Winners will be notified and receive their checks by mail as soon as possible after conclusion of contest.

- 7.** Any boy, girl, man or woman, who is a resident of the United States, with the exception of employees of the Curtiss Candy Company, may compete.

*It's Easy . . . Just complete ONE of these two sentences
in 25 additional words or less:*

 "I like BABY RUTH CANDY because....."

Choose
one of two
only

"I like BUTTERFINGER CANDY because

Boys . . Girls . . Dads . . Mothers . . Everybody . . . Curtiss Candy Company
wants to know why you like our two delicious Candy Bars . . . BABY RUTH
and BUTTERFINGER.

So, we're starting this **TREASURE HUNT** No. 2, for all of you . . . and it's as simple and easy to enter as **A B C**. Read the rules carefully in the adjoining column. Then go to your nearest candy counter today and get the two wrappers you require . . . one from a 5c **BABY RUTH**, the other from a 5c **BUTTERFINGER**, and mail them to us, **TREASURE HUNT** No. 2, with your entry. If your retailer doesn't happen to have **BOTH** bars, insist that he get them for you or try another retailer until you find them both . . . that's where the **TREASURE HUNT** comes in.

There are 53 cash prizes in all, starting with the \$25.00 capital prize alone. Think of the things you could do with \$25.00...or \$15.00...or \$10.00, or with one of the \$1.00 prizes!

So, get your two wrappers... **BABY RUTH** and **BUTTERFINGER**... **NOW!** Choose the bar you want to write about. Figure out why you enjoy it so much. Then mail your entry **TODAY**. **Treasure Hunt No. 2** closes **October 8, 1940**. You have as good a chance to **WIN** as anyone.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY TREASURE HUNT No. 2

622 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD. ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!



LARRY STEELE

by *Ken Ernst*

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME, STEELE! THESE THREATENING LETTERS HAVE BEEN COMING TO ME DAY AFTER DAY!

AND YOU SAY ATTEMPTS HAVE ACTUALLY BEEN MADE AGAINST YOUR LIFE?



YES! ONLY THIS MORNING I WAS SHOT AT ON A LONELY COUNTRY ROAD! I CAN SHOW YOU THE BULLET HOLE IN MY CAR!

I'M AFRAID THAT WOULDN'T HELP VERY MUCH, MR. VONEY...



HOWEVER, WE'LL SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE!

I HATE TO EVEN SUGGEST IT, BUT I HAVE A NEPHEW WHO IS MY ONLY HEIR, AND...



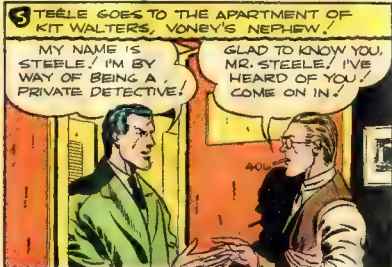
THE INEVITABLE NEPHEW, EH? WELL, I'LL PAY HIM A FRIENDLY VISIT!



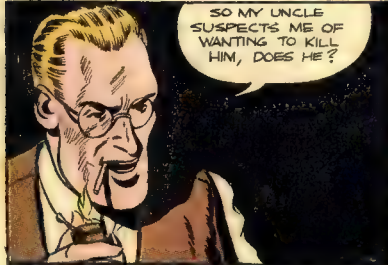
STEELE GOES TO THE APARTMENT OF KIT WALTERS, VONEY'S NEPHEW.

MY NAME IS STEELE. I'M BY WAY OF BEING A PRIVATE DETECTIVE!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, MR. STEELE. I'VE HEARD OF YOU. COME ON IN!

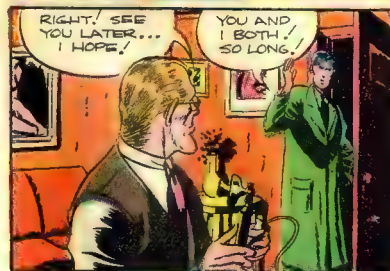
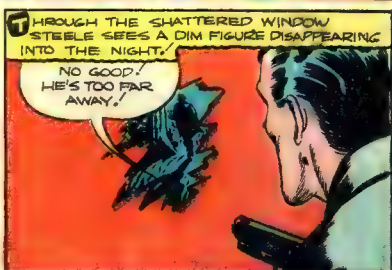
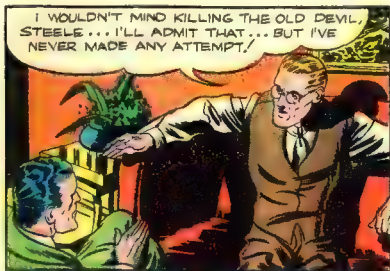


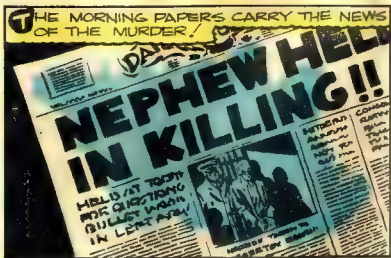
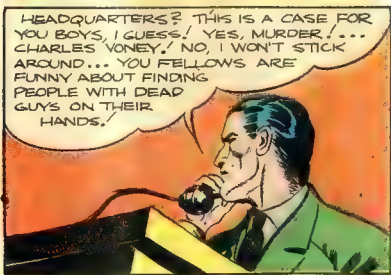
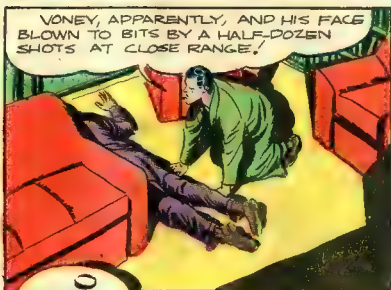
SO MY UNCLE SUSPECTS ME OF WANTING TO KILL HIM, DOES HE?



YES! I'VE PUT MY CARDS ON THE TABLE, YOU SEE, TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO MEND YOUR WAYS IF YOU ARE THE GUILTY PERSON!

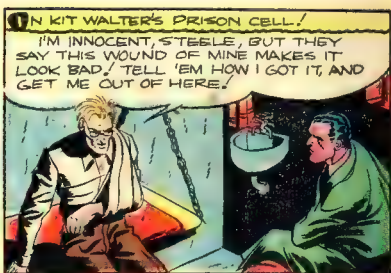








THEY NABBED
WALTERS. I'D
BETTER PAY HIM
A VISIT!

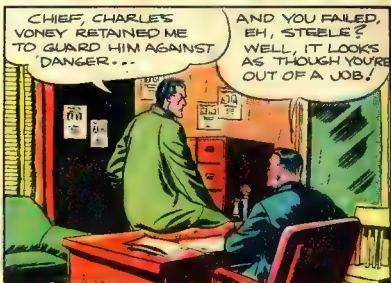


IN KIT WALTER'S PRISON CELL!

I'M INNOCENT, STEELE, BUT THEY
SAY THIS WOUND OF MINE MAKES IT
LOOK BAD. TELL 'EM HOW I GOT IT, AND
GET ME OUT OF HERE!



NOT YET, KIT! THE
REST'LL DO YOU GOOD,
AND I WANT TO SEE
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.
AT LEAST YOU'RE
SAFE HERE!



CHIEF, CHARLES
VONEY RETAINED ME
TO GUARD HIM AGAINST
DANGER...

AND YOU FAILED,
EH, STEELE?
WELL, IT LOOKS
AS THOUGH YOU'RE
OUT OF A JOB!



I GUESS SO... BUT
I'D LIKE PERMISSION
TO LOOK AT THE
BOOKS OF HIS
FIRM!

ALL RIGHT
WITH ME, BUT
I DON'T SEE
WHAT GOOD...



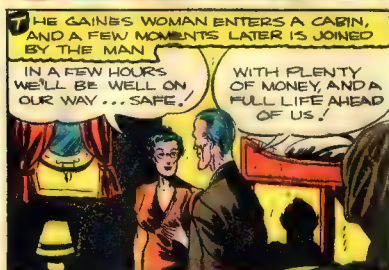
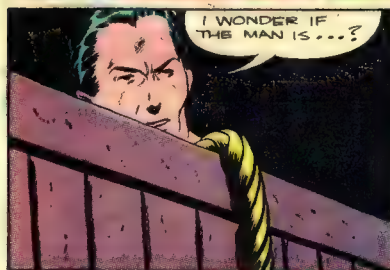
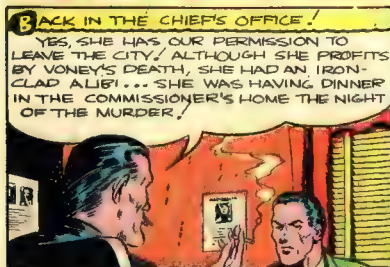
THIS IS
IT!

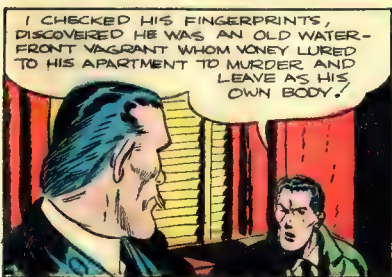


I'M THE GAINES PART OF THE FIRM,
YOU SEE. MR. VONEY AND I WERE
PARTNERS!

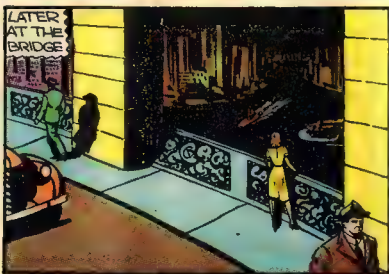
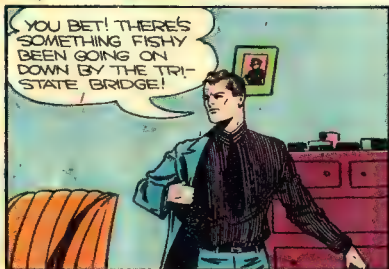


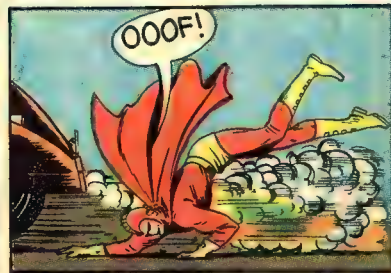
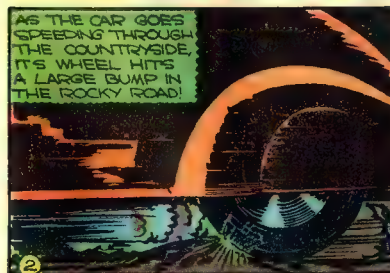
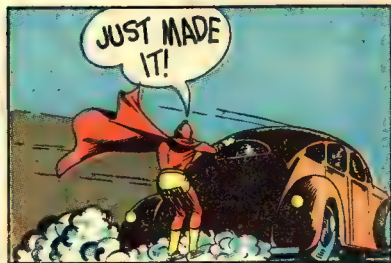
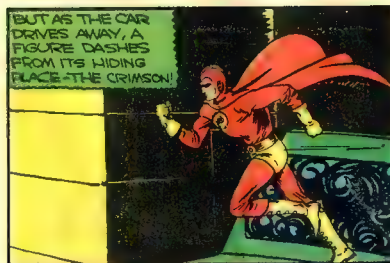
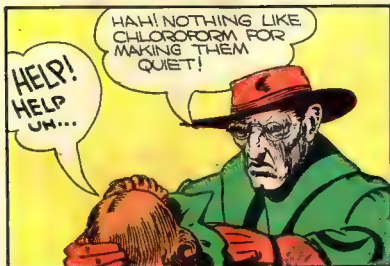
YOU'RE WELCOME TO LOOK AT THE BOOKS,
THOUGH I'M CLOSING THE BUSINESS. MR.
VONEY AND I EACH CARRIED A \$50,000
LIFE INSURANCE POLICY IN THE OTHER'S
FAVOR SO THAT THE FIRM COULD BE
DISSOLVED UPON
THE DEATH OF
EITHER!



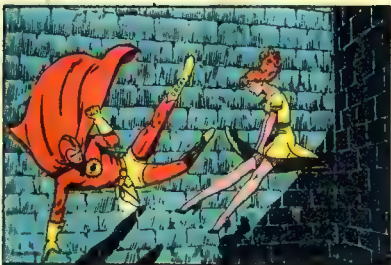
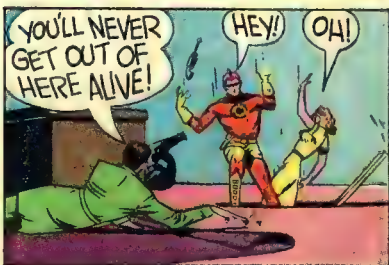


THE CRIMSON AVENGER

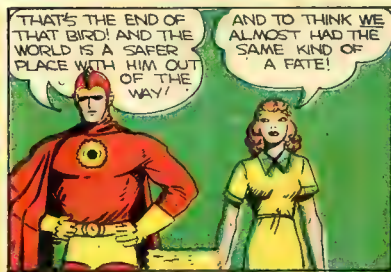












SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR

BY FRANK MILLER

AT THE MIDTOWN BANK
DURING THE NOON HOUR...



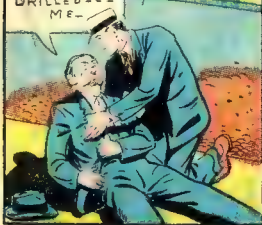
A BAND OF DARING ROBBERS ENTERS THE BANK...



SPEED SAUNDERS ARRIVES TOO LATE

KELLY! WHO WAS IT?

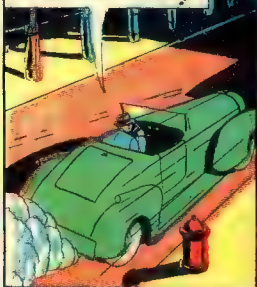
THE-NICKY NORVAK CROWD DRILLED--- ME--



RATS LIKE THAT AREN'T SHOOTING DOWN DETECTIVES, AND GETTING AWAY WITH IT, I'M GOING AFTER THE WHOLE MOB!



I KNOW WHERE NICKY NORVAK AND HIS CROWD USED TO HANG OUT. I'LL BUST IN ON HIM THERE!



AT THE NORVAK NOOK....

WE OUGHT TO BE HEARING FROM THE GANG/ SOON.

IF THEY GET THE DOUGH- IT'S QUITE A HAUL!



ONE PEEP OUT OF YONE - AND IT'S CURTAINS!

SPEED SAUNDERS
WHAT DO YOU WANT?



I KNOW YOUR GANG WAS IN THAT BANK ROBBERY, NICKY! I WANT THE MONEY AND THE GUY THAT SHOT KELLY!

I-I DON'T KNOW NUTHIN' ABOUT NUTHIN'!



FOOTSTEPS SOUND ON THE STAIRS....

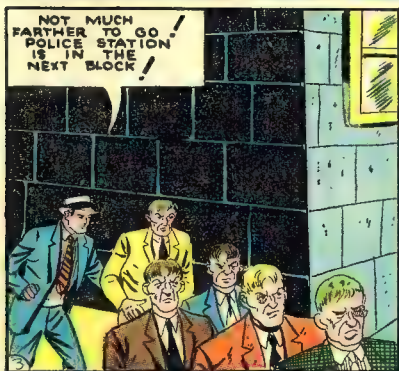
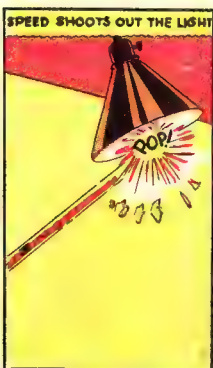
**DON'T MOVE!
-OR ELSE!**

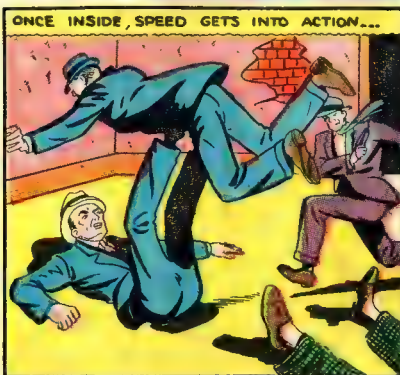
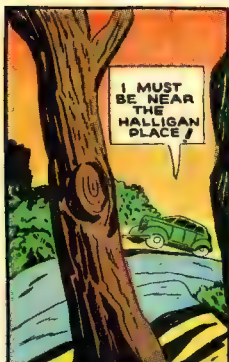


THE MESSENGER BLURTS OUT HIS NEWS...

NICKY, EVERYTHING'S BEEN DONE! BANK ROBBERY - DETECTIVE SHOT - WHAT'S WRONG?











DEATH OF A STAR

By Sean McDougal

ENID TEMPLE was dead in her dressing room. There was a bruise on her left cheek, but a bullet through the heart—fired from a small calibre gun—had killed her.

As Simmons, the company manager who had called the police, started to turn off the small radio in the room, Detective Larry Starr stopped him. "Don't touch anything until the medical examiner gets here," he warned. He spoke to Miss Temple's maid, who was crying in the corner

"Just what happened?" he asked, "Why should anyone want to kill her? And where were you when this happened?"

The maid raised a tearful face. Simmons spoke up. "She was looking for me. The lights had gone out in Miss Temple's dressing room. I had an electrician fix them. A fuse blew out."

"Let her talk," Larry directed. "How about it? Anyone have a reason?"

The maid's face was tear-stained. "I don't know. Unless it was that man who called her last night. She was mighty upset, hearing from her husband like that."

"Her husband?" Simmons' voice was excited. To Larry he said: "The girl must be mistaken. Why, a glamor girl like Temple wouldn't dare get married! There was too much at stake, and she was crazy about a career!"

The maid raised a white face. "I'm not mistaken," she said. "I never knew she was married. But last night she told me. She had been separated from him for two years, but he was always watching her. She was afraid of him and she said she was getting a secret divorce. But he found out."

"Did she mention his name?" Larry snapped.

The maid started crying hysterically again. "No. But I heard her say something about being left. I couldn't understand very well."

"Left?" Larry's voice was puzzled. "I wonder what she meant by that?"

"Probably Myra, here, misunderstood," Simmons cut in again, patiently. "Her nerves are all shaken." He brought out a pencil and pad from his pocket. "Here,



Myra," he said, scribbling something. "Get a sedative from the drugstore. It'll quiet your nerves." He looked at Larry, who nodded. The maid, whimpering, went out.

Larry walked over to the radio, turned it off. "I can't stand this swing stuff," he said, picking up a paper. The page contained the radio listings.

Simmons laughed. "Neither can I. Classical music is my hobby. I've got some nice records in the office. Care to see them?"

"Eh?" Larry's answer was abstracted. His eyes caught a light pencil check on the radio listings. Enid Temple, too, had been a lover of classical music, the indication showed. "No, not now. Maybe later." He started. "Say, how about her part in the show? The house is crowded, isn't it?"

"Yes," Simmons was glum. "I hope they'll like her understudy. She's on now. I'd better get out and see how she's doing. I'll be in my office if you want me."

Larry waited until the stage manager had gone out. Then he, bent down and examined the bruise on the girl's chin. Satisfied, he got to his feet and went outside. There, he found the electrician who had fixed the fuse. The man went downstairs with him.

Everything was in perfect order. They were starting upstairs when the electrician's light fell on a matchbox. Larry picked it up. "Yours?"

"Nope." Larry looked at the cover. It advertised the Beethoven Studios. He knew the place. Musicians and music lovers lived in its roomy apartments. Idly, he opened the match box and what he observed caused his heart to beat faster. "Let's go," he said. "I think something's going to happen soon."

He left the electrician and went to Simmons' office. The company manager was sipping ginger ale and listening to a record. "What's up?" he smiled as Larry came in. "Find your murderer?"

Larry looked at him evenly. "I think so," he said. He nodded as Simmons interrupted to ask if he would like some ginger ale. His back was to Larry as the detective continued.

"The murder was committed by a left-handed man," Larry said. "And the man was Temple's husband."

Simmons turned half-way around. His face was wreathed in smiles. "You sound like a Conan Doyle detective," he said. "How could anyone get in here, during a matinee, and kill the star?"

Larry's face was grim. "The murderer was in here all the time," he said slowly. "As you well know!"

Simmons face went white. His hand darted to the small bar, came away with a tiny automatic. "You'll never pin that—" he shouted.



Larry's gun barked. Simmons' shattered left hand dropped the automatic. He was cringing in pain as Larry stepped over to him. "You're under arrest for murdering your wife, Simmons," he said. "Want to confess, or will I tell what I know?"

Simmons' eyes were bright with madness. "Yes, I killed her," he snarled. "She knew she'd get it if she tried to get rid of me." Then he smiled craftily. "But you'll still have to prove it. I didn't sign anything."

Larry grinned, brought out the matches. "You signed your death warrant when you dropped these,

WHAT CAUSES EPILEPSY?

A booklet containing the opinions of famous doctors on this interesting subject will be sent FREE, while they last, to any reader interested in the subject. Please use the coupon below.

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EASY

way—

the

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ANN-RUTH CO.

125 East 46th Street, New York City

Simmons. Myra, the maid, didn't realize that the murderer, calling on Temple, was named Lefty. I deduced that when I saw you give her a note written left-handed. Another thing, you knew she loved music and would listen in to the symphony today. The noise of the radio drowned out your shot and her screams when you hit her."

Larry opened the match box. "And always remember, Simmons, if you escape the chair—which you won't—that a right handed man takes his matches from the right side! While a left handed man does just the opposite!"

THE END

Steve MALONE

DISTRICT
ATTORNEY

BY

Don Lynch

IN A LARGE
CITY HOSPITAL
AT MIDNIGHT

YOUR PATIENT
IS READY,
DOCTOR.

GOOD! THAT'S
DETECTIVE
DONNELLY,
ISN'T IT?

THAT'S RIGHT, HE'S WORKING
ON THE DRUG-SMUGGLING
CASE, ISN'T HE?

I GUESS
SO. HOW
SHOULD
I KNOW?

A ROUTINE CASE OF
APPENDICITIS...

THE OPERATION PROCEEDS
REGULARLY...

HE'S TAKING THE
ETHER WELL, !
DOCTOR.

HE'LL
RECOVER!

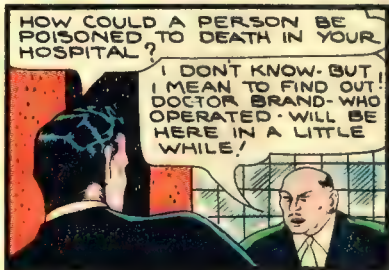
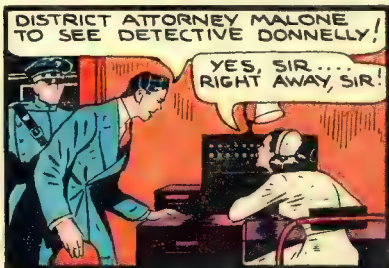
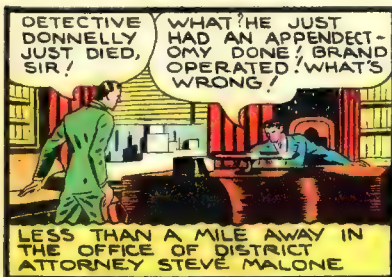
ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL
OPERATION TO YOUR
CREDIT, DOCTOR!

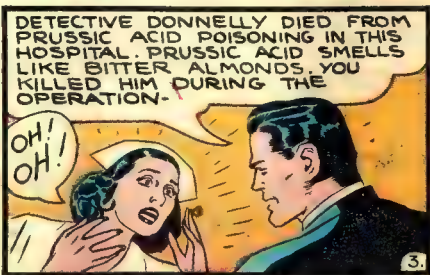
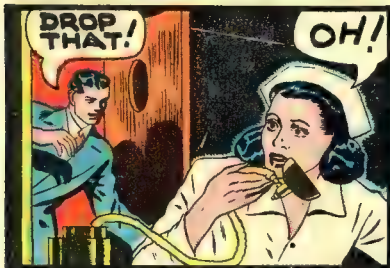
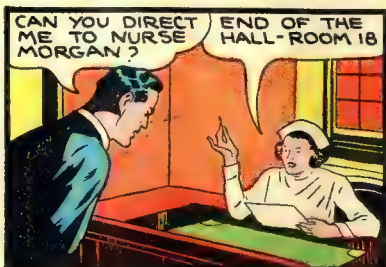
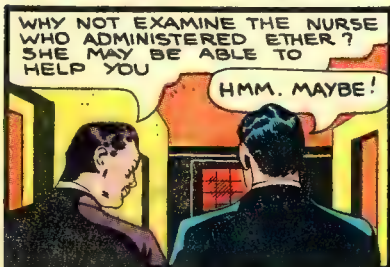
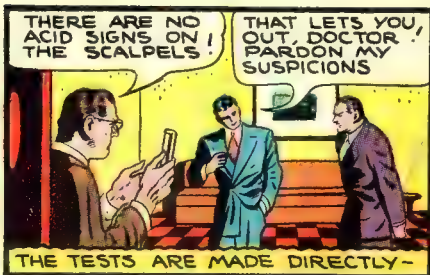
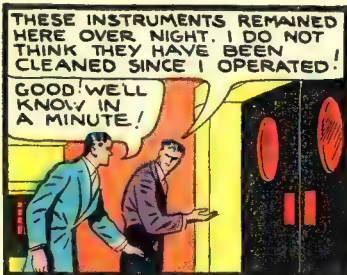
HIS PULSE IS
LOW! I CAN'T
UNDERSTAND IT!

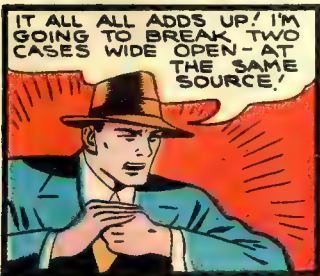
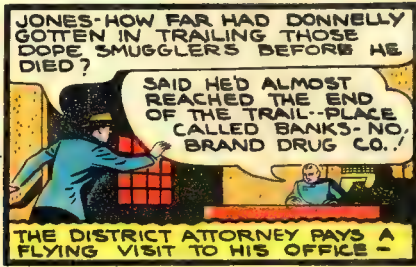
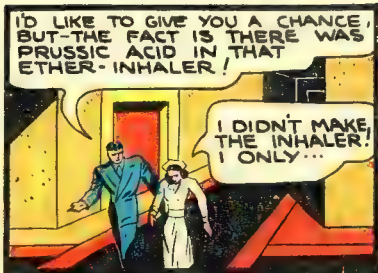
BUT THE NIGHT NURSE FINDS
SOMETHING WRONG WITH
THE DETECTIVE.

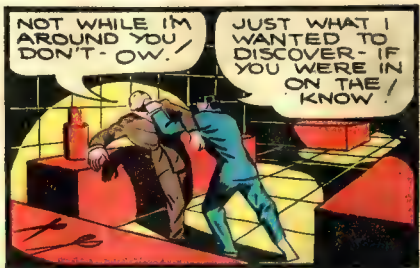
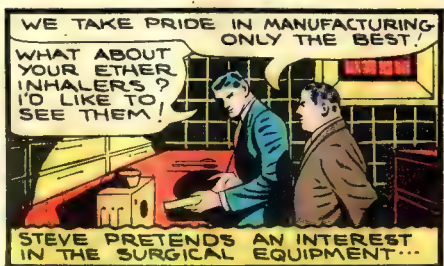
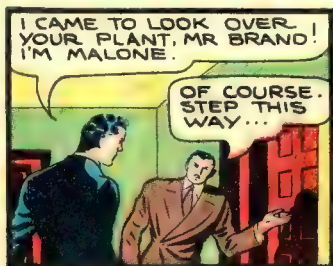
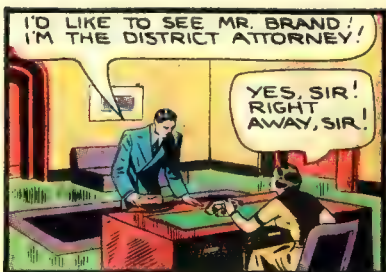
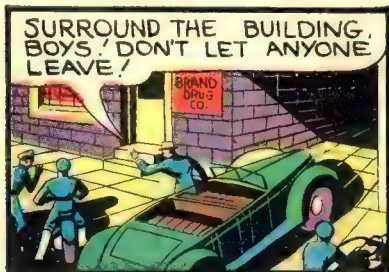
DOCTOR BRAND, OPERATED
LAST EVENING. I CAN'T
FATHOM THIS! BRAND IS
A GOOD SURGEON, TOO!

IN THE MORNING THE
PATIENT IS DEAD!









YOU'VE SIGNED YOUR OWN
DEATH WARRANT—

NOT YET,
I HAVEN'T!

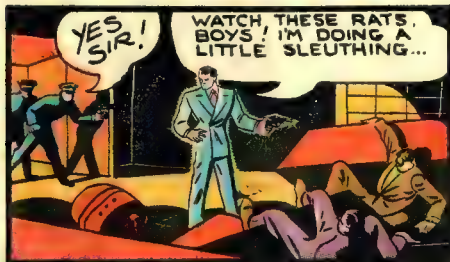


THAT'LL KEEP
YOU QUIET!



YES
SIR!

WATCH THESE RATS,
BOYS! I'M DOING A
LITTLE SLEUTHING...



HE MUST HAVE BEEN
EXPECTING A LOT
OF ENEMIES TO KILL !



STEVE FINDS THE
INHALER'S-LOADED WITH
PRUSSIC ACID!

THERE MUST BE A HUNDRED
THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH
OF NARCOTICS IN THIS SAFE!

NO WONDER THEY
DIDN'T WANT ME
IN THIS
ROOM!



CHARGE DOCTOR BRAND WITH
MURDER. HE SUBSTITUTED HIS
ACID-FILLED INHALER FOR THE
REGULAR ONE, KNOWING
THAT THE FUMES WOULD
KILL DONNELLY, WHO WAS
ABOUT TO TURN HIM OVER
TO THE POLICE FOR
SMUGGLING DRUGS!



CHARGE HIS BROTHER WITH
SMUGGLING DRUGS, TOO. THEY
HAD A NICE RACKET- THE
DOCTOR SELLING THE DRUGS,
AND A DRUG COMPANY
GETTING THEM BY VIRTUE
OF "BUSINESS"!



HOW'D YOU SUSPECT HIM AND
NOT THE NURSE ?

MOTIVE! SHE HAD NO
MOTIVE TO KILL HIM, THE
DOCTOR DID - AFTER I
KNEW DONNELLY HAD
TRAILED THE DRUG
SMUGGLERS TO HIS
BROTHER'S DRUG CO.!



Monthly Book Review

"THE GOLD BUG" by Edgar Allan Poe

"Read a good book every month"

WILLIAM LEGRAND went to live on an island off the coast of South Carolina with his negro servant Jupiter and his Newfoundland dog. He spent most of his time hunting for rare shells and insects to add to his collection.

Legrand's physician and friend lived in South Carolina. One chilly night the doctor went to visit Legrand on the island. He was glad to find the hut warmed by a blazing fire, and sat down to wait for his host.

Soon Legrand returned, his servant Jupiter at his heels, and announced the discovery of a curious bug of brilliant gold color. Legrand had loaned the bug to a Lieutenant at Fort Coultrie, on the island, and could not show it to the doctor. Anxious to show him the shape and strange markings of the gold bug, he made a drawing of it and handed it to the doctor, who was seated near the fire.

The doctor remarked that it didn't look like a bug—it looked like a *death's head*! Legrand snatched back the drawing. He stared in amazement. On one side of the paper was the bug he had drawn. On the other side had suddenly appeared a skull!

Legrand thought back to where he had found the paper. A few hours before, at the north end of the island, he had picked up the gold bug. It bit him, and

he quickly put it down again. Looking around for something to pick the bug up with, he noticed a piece of parchment on the ground and used it. Later, he had put it in his pocket and pulled it out again to make a drawing of the gold-bug for his friend! *Where had this parchment come from?*

The doctor took his leave the same night, and it was a month before he heard from Legrand again. Then one day Jupiter appeared, reporting that his master was behaving strangely, and bearing a message for the doctor to come at once.

Jupiter rowed the doctor out to the island in his boat, muttering constantly about the gold bug.

When the doctor saw Legrand, he spoke about, all he thought about, was gan to fear for his friend's sanity. All he the gold bug.

"This bug is to make my fortune," he said.

Legrand was pale as a ghost. His eyes were enormous with excitement and lack of sleep.

The doctor tried to make him get to bed but Legrand kept talking about an expedition. He furnished Jupiter, the doctor and himself with spades, and insisted they follow him on an expedition. To humor him, the doctor agreed.

They traveled through wild country for many miles, at last stopping before a large tulip-tree. To Jupiter's amazement, his master ordered him to climb it, carrying the gold bug on a string in his hand! Wide-eyed with terror, Jupiter took the gold bug and clambered up.

Following Legrand's direction, Jupiter climbed out on a limb until he came to something that made him stop short—a human skull!

But following instructions, Jupiter let the gold bug on a string fall through the left eye of the skull to the ground, which point was hastily marked by Legrand. Then he made some rapid measurements, and ordered them all to start digging.

They must have dug for an hour and a half before they came upon a couple of skeletons and a few gold and silver coins. After that, digging began in earnest, and they uncovered at last the thing that Legrand had been seeking—a wooden treasure-box such as the pirates used! It was filled with gold coins and gleaming jewels!

At last the treasure was safe in Legrand's hut, and the men figured up its value—a million and a half dollars!

The doctor was impatient for an explanation.

Legrand told him of the parchment he had found and the skull-head drawn in a special kind of ink made visible only by heat. By cleaning the parchment and holding it for hours over the fire, Legrand had discerned the signature of Captain Kidd at the bottom of the parchment, and a message in code—which he painstakingly deciphered—telling where to find the treasure!

Legrand laughed in great spirits. A million and a half dollars—and all because of a little gold bug!

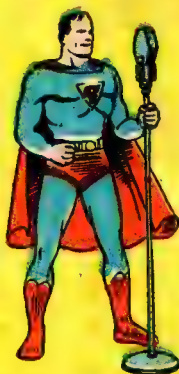
THE END

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IS ON

THE RADIO!

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and Friday

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| WHAM | Rochester | 5:15-5:30 |
| WGR | Buffalo | 6:00-6:15 |
| WGBI | Scranton | 5:00-5:15 |
| WJAR | Providence | 6:15-6:30 |
| WGY | Schenectady | 6:15-6:30 |

| | | |
|------|-------------|-----------|
| WBZ | Boston | 5:00-5:15 |
| WBZA | Springfield | 5:00-5:15 |

Tuesday, Thursday,
and Saturday

| | | |
|------|--------------|-----------|
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| WTIC | Hartford | 6:30-6:45 |
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GRAY STAMP COMPANY
Dept. DG Toronto, Canada

YOUNG
AMERICA'S
HERO!

★ CLIFF CROSBY

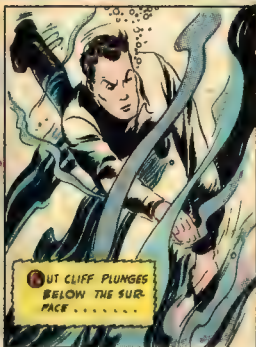
CHAD

CLIFF CROSBY IS ABOARD
A STEAMER BOUND FOR THE
DUTCH WEST INDIES WHEN IT
RUNS INTO A SUBMERGED
REEF...ALL PERSONS ABOARD
ARE LOST WITH THE EXCEPTION
OF CLIFF, WHO FINDS HIMSELF
ON THE ROCKY BEACH OF THIS
UNCHARTED ISLAND IN THE
FOAMING ATLANTIC.....

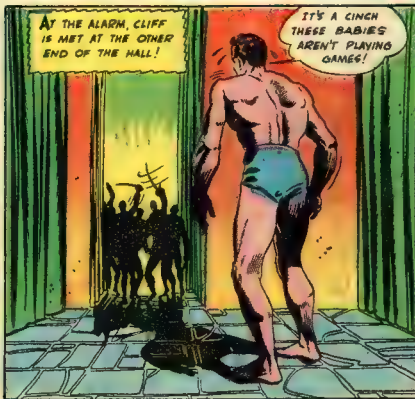
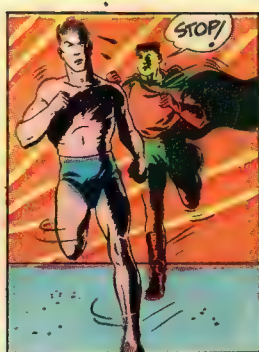
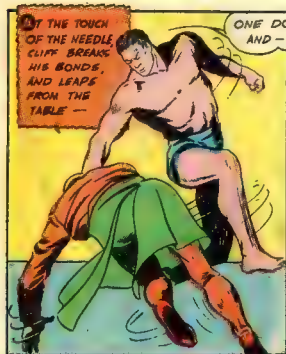
WELL, CROSBY,
LET'S GANDER ABOUT
AND SEE —

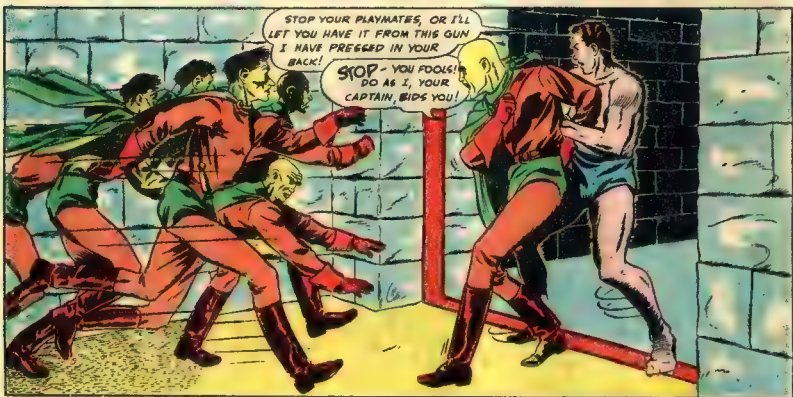
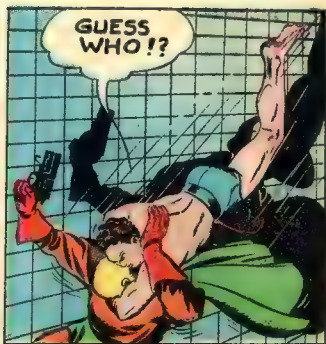
—GOOD
HEAVENS!

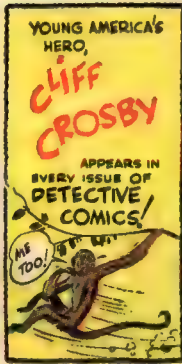
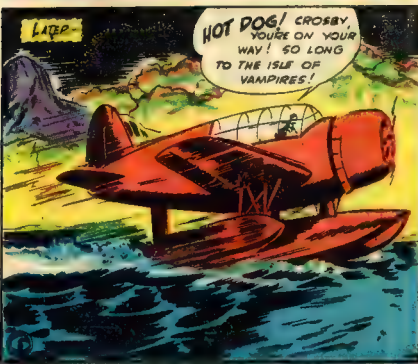
BEWARE
INTRUDERS!
DR. BANTOR











SLAM BRADLEY

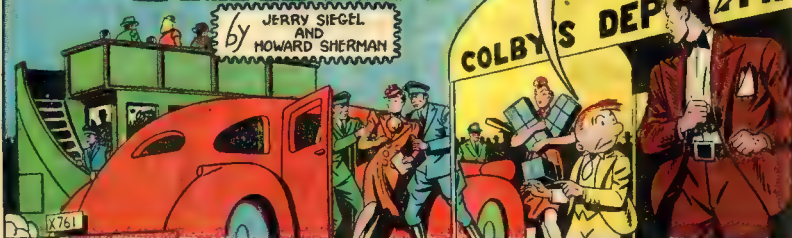
by JERRY SIEGEL
AND
HOWARD SHERMAN

NOW
AFTER A HALF-DAY
SPENT IN SHOPPING
FOR NEW SUITS,
PRIVATE DETECTIVE
SLAM BRADLEY AND
HIS PAL SHORTY
MORGAN ARE JUST
LEAVING A DEPART-
MENT STORE WHEN
THEY SEE----
NOW

HEY, SLAM.
THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG THERE!

YOU'RE RIGHT.
IT'S AN
ATTEMPTED
KIDNAPPING!

COLBY'S DEPT.



UNHAND THAT
GAL, YOU
VARMINT!

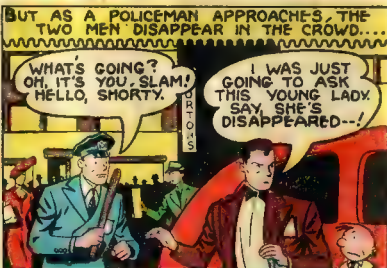
NICE WORK,
SHORTY. HERE,
LET ME
HELP YOU!



BUT AS A POLICEMAN APPROACHES, THE
TWO MEN DISAPPEAR IN THE CROWD....

WHAT'S GOING?
OH, IT'S YOU, SLAM!
HELLO, SHORTY.

I WAS JUST
GOING TO ASK
THIS YOUNG LADY.
SAY, SHE'S
DISAPPEARED--!



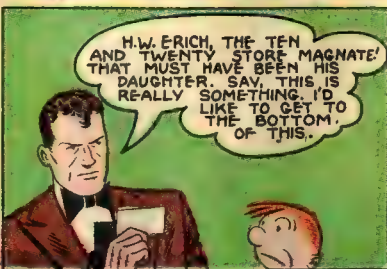
NOW LISTEN,
SLAM, QUIT
KIDDING ME.

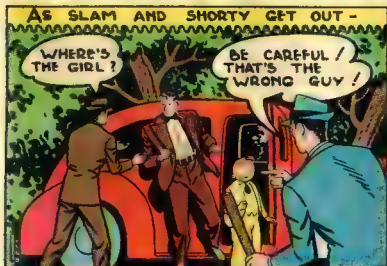
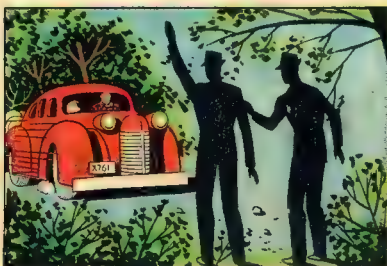
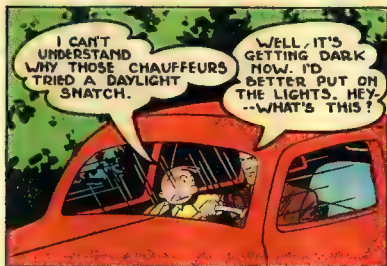
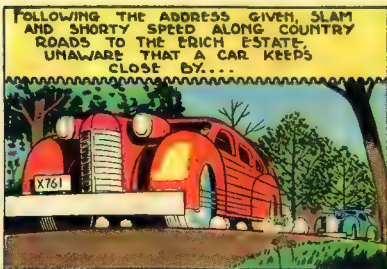
HONEST, THEY
TRIED TO SNATCH
HER.

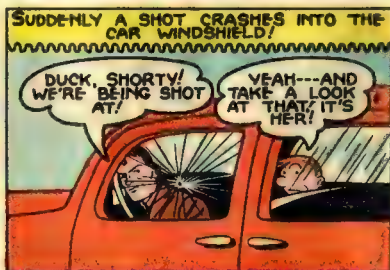
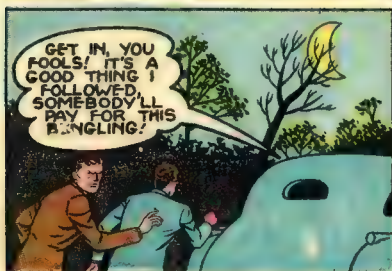
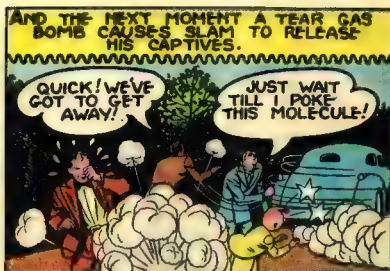
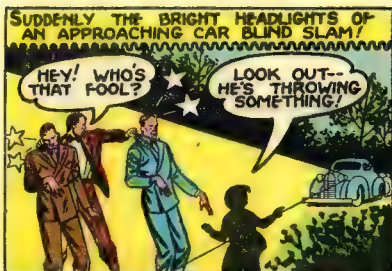
WHEW HERE
IS THE
REGISTRATION.
LOOK-A THIS!

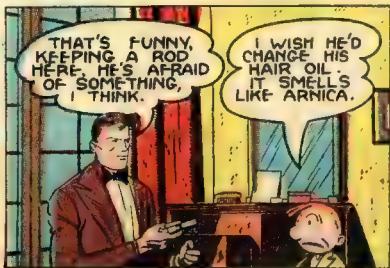
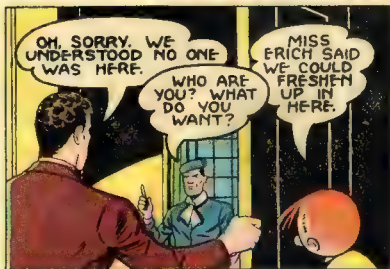
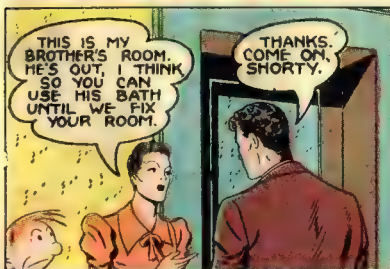
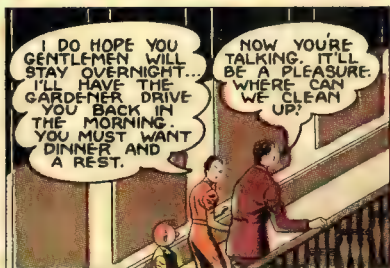
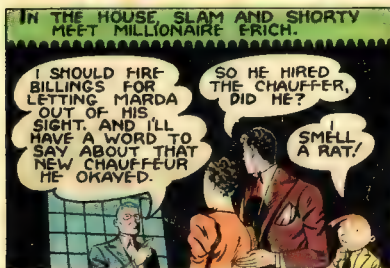
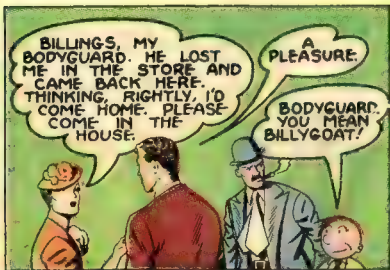


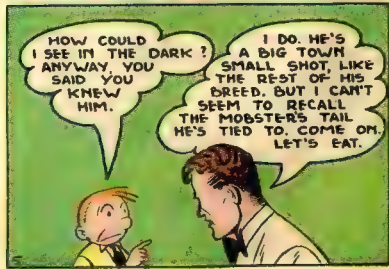
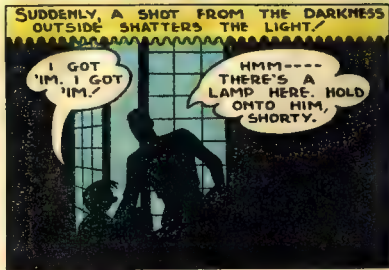
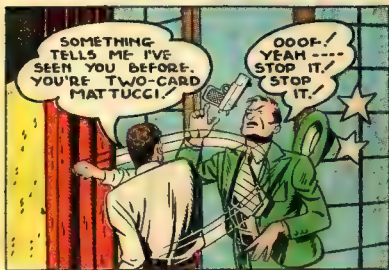
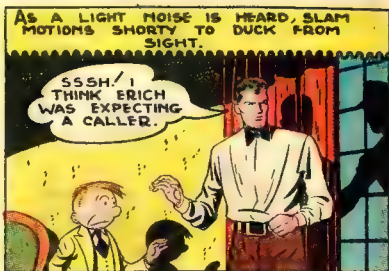
H.W. ERICH, THE TEN
AND TWENTY STORE MAGNATE!
THAT MUST HAVE BEEN HIS
DAUGHTER. SAY, THIS IS
REALLY SOMETHING. I'D
LIKE TO GET TO
THE BOTTOM
OF THIS.

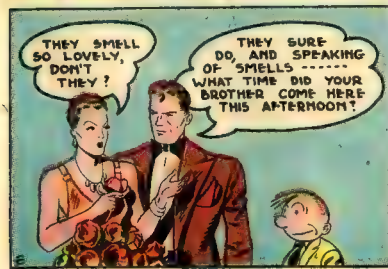
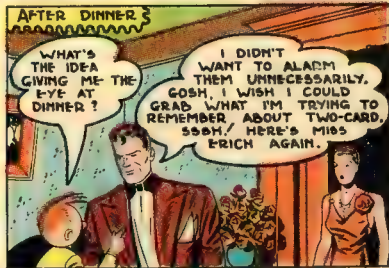
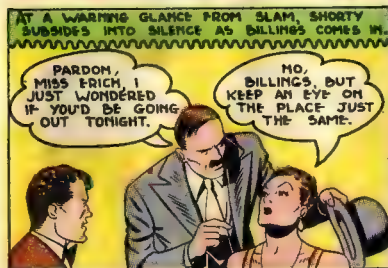
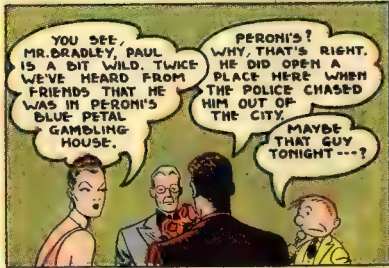
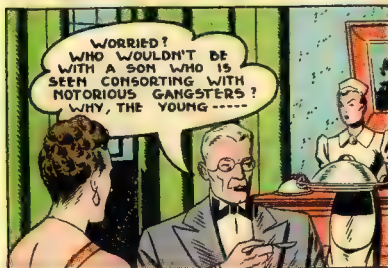
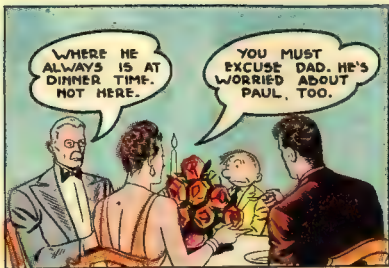
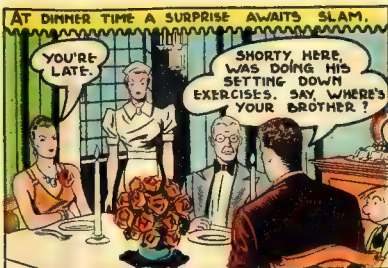


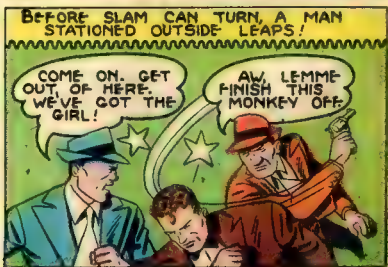
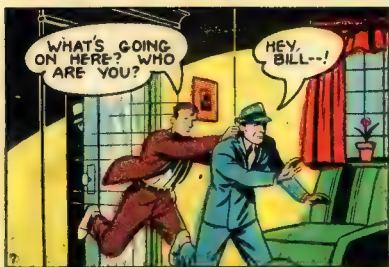
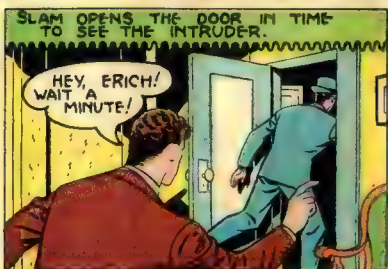
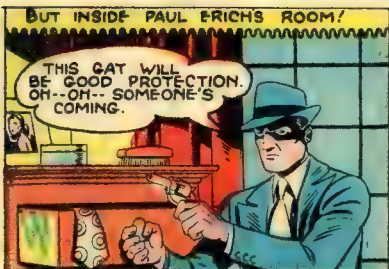
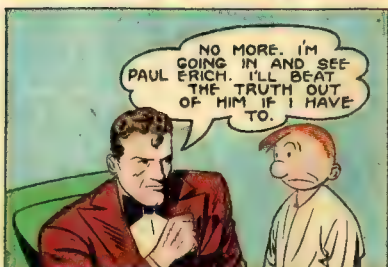
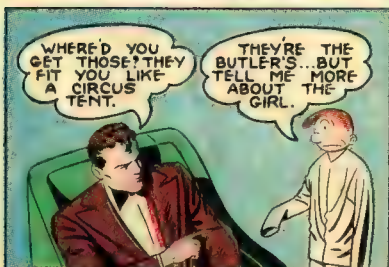
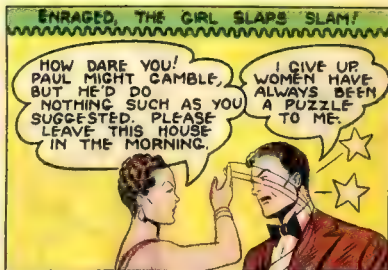


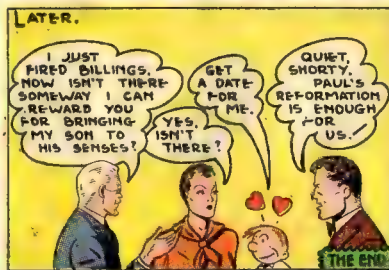
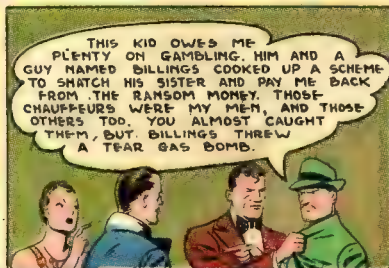
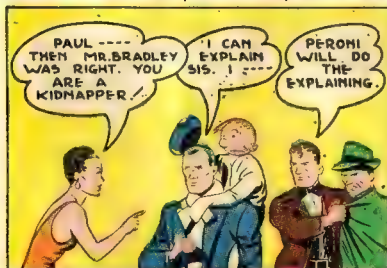
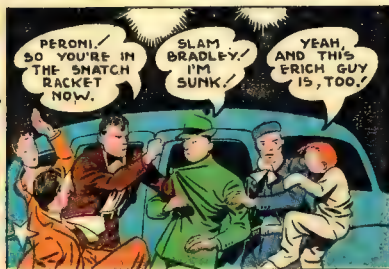
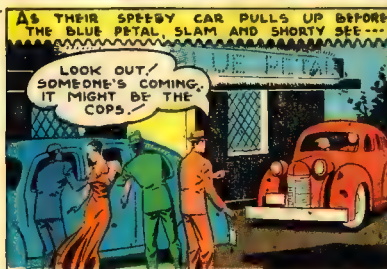
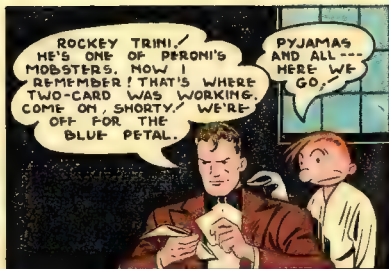
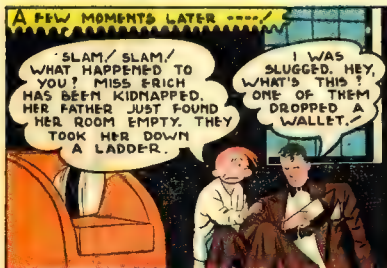












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